

## The Evening World.

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## PEACE BY NEGOTIATION.

IF representatives of the anthracite miners by meeting with representatives of the operators can "work out a basis of settlement that will bring general satisfaction," they will thereby serve not only their own best interests but at the same time justify themselves in the eyes of the public.

There has been too much use of the terminology of war in the field of industry—and too much warrant for it. We have spoken of "industrial warfare," of "offensive campaigns," of "solid fronts," of "terms of surrender," and of "ultimatums"—and we have had the things we have spoken of.

The time has arrived, in industry as well as in international relations, to disarm—and throw away the military manuals.

Neither capital nor labor, neither employers nor employees, can afford the extravagance of strikes. The waste of competitive armaments between nations is glaring and unsupportable. Very much the same thing is true in industry.

We must quit talking in terms of weapons and begin to talk in terms of tools.

The problems of industry must be THOUGHT out and WROUGHT out, and not FOUGHT out. This is the meaning, we take it, of Thomas Kennedy, Chairman of the General Scale Committee of the Anthracite Mine Workers, when he says "There will be no stoppage of work and no threat or ultimatum will be used against the operators, no matter what the final outcome of the negotiations."

## NO BETTER HOLIDAY CHEER.

FIVE THOUSAND children, most of them from the lower east side, crowded the Strand Theatre yesterday to see "The Evening World's Christmas Show." Through the kindness of donors every child received a box of candy and all the cripples were given toys. The same day The Evening World Kiddie Klub actors performed with delight both to themselves and the audience, the enchanting scenes of "In Wonderland" at the Manhattan Opera House.

Anything that brightens the lives of children, at this time of all times in the year, is a contribution to the health and happiness of the community.

In the last few years The Evening World has come to regard its Christmas entertainments for children as about the best holiday fun a newspaper can provide for itself.

## PSYCHOLOGICAL GOOD TIMES.

NOT many days ago Herbert Hoover spoke of the hard times we are experiencing or expecting as purely "psychological."

Judge Elbert H. Gary, who also voted for a "change" in the recent election, thinks our fears and doubts unfounded. We are suffering from business neurosthenia and need to take a tonic of optimism. In an article in the current number of Leslie's entitled "Why I Look For Better Business Conditions" the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation says:

"I am more optimistic in regard to the future of this country than I have been at any time during the last six years."

But why six years? Woodrow Wilson has been President of the United States for the last eight years.

Scanning the horizon Mr. Gary grows weather-wise and says:

"The business skies are practically without clouds. . . . There is nothing in the atmosphere to indicate the approach of dangerous storms."

It is true that the United States has been called upon to suffer less from the war than any other of the belligerents, except Japan, either directly or in the process of reconstruction.

Because of our immense wealth, our productive capacity and scarcely diminished man-power, we should prosper and probably will prosper. Even the loss and need of other nations will contribute to our prosperity, if confidence can be restored and credit stabilized in the countries of Europe.

But if we imagine that we can spend billions of dollars in money and draft millions of men from productive occupations for two or three years and not have to pay for it sooner or later in burdensome taxation and living costs that can only be lessened by our toiling to produce more, then we are dwelling in a "fool's paradise."

The times may not be altogether out of joint, but there is certainly something wrong, if just before the election of Senator Harding every Republican spellbinder insisted that America was going to the bow-wows, while now all is serene and we are on the highway to national happiness.

It looks, and sounds, very much like the wish being father to the thought.

Judge Gary's article reads like a New Thought pamphlet. For complete recovery, after the shock and expense of war, what this country needs is work and work. We are not going to be greatly helped by the faith-cures of business politicians.

## THE GREAT RELIEF.

SEVEN years ago this month, at a banquet given in his honor by American Congressmen in Washington, Ichitaro Shimizu, distinguished Japanese lawyer and member of the Japanese House of Representatives, made a speech in which he advanced as the first and strongest argument for world peace: "The costliness of army and navy increase." He said:

"Nowadays even the greatest and wealthiest state is painfully conscious that the expenses of army and navy increase yearly too fast, multiplying by leaps and bounds, and that there must be found some means to check or limit them. We can fairly see that even England is much troubled by this question. And Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister of England, is quite justified in putting the question at the Lord Mayor's dinner: 'Is it not time for the statesmen and the men of business to take counsel together to secure the safer and the more fruitful appropriation of the common resources of humankind?'"

A great deal of water has gone over the dam since a Japanese legislator quoted to American lawmakers this pre-war disarmament plea of a British statesman.

Does anybody believe, however, that the lessons—and the costs—of the last six years rest so lightly on Japan that even the Japanese are not ready to admit with a thousandfold more fervor to-day that increased expenses of army and navy are intolerable and that some means should be found to check them?

All higher morality aside, the plain economic fact is this:

Nations that carry the after burdens of the great war—and Japan is not economically exempt—cannot stand the pace of new armament competition and survive.

Each and all will hail disarmament as a thrice blessed relief, once they feel certain that such a move is to be general.

Japan is no exception. Yesterday an Associated Press despatch from Tokio carried the news that the Jiji Shimpo, a newspaper which has supported the Japanese Government's naval programme, now calls for a modification of that programme in view of the hope that other powers will agree to keep down armaments.

If it was time seven years ago for "statesmen and men of business to take counsel together to secure the safer and the more fruitful appropriation of the common resources of humankind," it is surely time to-day, after those resources have been terribly depleted.

If civilized peoples failed to feel at the present moment an impulse toward disarmament stronger than at any previous period in their history, civilization might as well despair.

The peoples do feel it. Wherever "statesmen and men of business" do not, popular desire and demand will rise to compelling power.

Only a start and an example are needed.

What nation should furnish them if not the United States?

## WHAT ABOUT ENRIGHT?

THE only criterion by which to judge a Police Commissioner is:

"Are the laws enforced? Is crime repressed? Are criminals apprehended and promptly brought to trial? Are the vicious elements divorced from any connection with the police? Does vice flourish or otherwise? Are life, limb and property safe? Are the citizens free from annoyance on the streets by ruffians, disorderly women and men?"

"In short, are they getting the benefit of a good police force?"

"Guarding a Great City" (Harpers, 1906) by William McLeod, former Police Commissioner, now Chief City Magistrate. Judged by this criterion, what's the verdict on Richard E. Enright, present Police Commissioner?

## PIGIRIN AND PURITAN.

(From the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.)  
In the opinion of some of our New England friends there is crying need of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pigmans—or rather to their memories. They are distressed at the confusion in the popular mind between the Pigmans and the Puritans. And even those who make the distinction, they say, are not always just to the Puritans, especially in the accusation that they burned persons at Salem for witchcraft. No one was ever burned to death in punishment at Salem, though several were hanged. But at the same time over in Europe thousands were being killed for supposed dealings with the evil one. Such superstitions as the pigmians have brought with them from Europe and they got rid of them much sooner than did the persons whom they left behind. The entire period of the witchcraft excitement at Salem was only about six months. But at any rate, the Pigmans whose arrival we have been celebrating were not guilty. They lived as far away, in point of time it took to cover the distance, as New York is from Pittsburgh.

Whatever religious intolerance the Puritans may have shown and however they may have treated the Indians ("first they fell upon their knees and then upon the aborigines") it is not fair to taint the Pigmian memory with their offenses. But at that, the same species of intolerance is not entirely unknown in America to-day, while a later generation's treatment of the Indians has been far from ideal.

## A New Year Resolution!



By John Cassel

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## The Statements of the Bible

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

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## No. 8—Elijah.

Elijah has been pronounced the "grandest and most romantic character that Israel has ever produced."

In all history, sacred or profane, we find no match for him. There is but one Elijah.

It is as a reformer, not as a theologian, that Elijah comes upon the stage of history. He was no orator; he was not a prophet, in the sense that he went about predicting things; he was not a teacher, in the sense that that word is ordinarily taken. He was a man of action. He did things. With startling suddenness, without any sort of introduction, he leaps into the arena, crashes like a thunderbolt into Ahab's Court, denounces the royal renegade for his idolatry, and disappears as suddenly as he came.

And the strangeness of the apparition, as an apparition! A big, hairy man, bareheaded, leopard's skin thrown over his shoulders, a big staff in his hand; fresh in from the desert, where alone with the Eternal he had dedicated himself to the championship of the Everlasting Righteousness.

The Northern Kingdom had almost entirely forsaken the faith of Jehovah. The altars of the God of Israel were deserted, and the people were running after innumerable false gods, chief of whom was Baal, the infamous worship that had been imported from Tyre by Jezebel.

The tidings of this fearful situation came to Elijah away out in the desert, and throwing his leopard skin over his shoulders and picking up his staff he started for the head-quarters of the iniquity, to fight it to the death in the name and for the glory of Jehovah.

He denounced Ahab, scolding him until he fairly shook in his sandals. Turning against the priests of Baal and Aeshera, numbering some 550, he had them slain, and, this done, he set his face toward Jezreel, where Jezebel dwelt in the palace that Ahab had built for her.

It was said of the reformer, John Knox, that he never "feared" the face of man. Neither did Elijah. But the terrible woman, Jezebel, was too much even for the stout-hearted old lion of the desert, and, acting upon the theory that "the whole duty of man is to fear God," he fled "another day," Elijah, when the tigress got after him, "went for his life," without stopping to think about the order of his flight.

He lived to fight another day, and, best of all, the fight ended in triumph for the old hero. The influence of his spirit, devoted to Jehovah's righteousness was not forgotten. He lived and grew, and the final result was the overthrow of the degraded cults which had impudently pushed themselves into the place of the altars of the living God.

When Andrew Jackson was in dead earnest about anything he brought his foot down with the famous exclamation, "By the Eternal!" Elijah was always in earnest and the exclamation, "By the Eternal!" was his.

He was ever under the great Taskmaster's eye, and his constant motto was—

Just to ask Him what to do.

All the day

And to make up quick and true.

All the day.

The righteousness of God!—that was all he cared about. "He stood erect and haughty before kings, but in the presence of his thought of Jehovah he cringed to the earth with his head bowed under his knees."

So great was the impression made by the old prophet upon the world that for a thousand years after his death, as often as the world would seem to be getting into a bad plight, men would cry, "Elijah, must come again and straighten things out."

## "That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick

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It was on Westchester Road near St. Peter's rectory in the Bronx, that the St. Boniface Inn bore the curious inscription: "No Really Desperate Person Need Pass This House Hungry." But whether the statement was ever challenged is not known.

Hunter's Island, in Long Island Sound, originally a part of the manor of Pelham, was sold by Joshua Pell to the Herts and Hendersons, and, at one time, was known as Henderson's Island. Toward the end of the eighteenth century it came into possession of John Hunter, of Scotch descent, from whom the island received its present name.

On the east of Hunter's Island is the Iselin mansion, which was erected about 1850 by Elias de Brosses Hunter, son of John Hunter, but which was owned by Columbus Iselin at the time Pelham Bay Park was formed in 1888.

Opposite the gateposts of the Iselin mansion, in the Bronx, is the Hunter's Island Inn, formerly the mansion belonging to Elizabeth De Lancey, a daughter of "Elias de Brosses Hunter." It is said that Joseph Bonaparte offered a large sum for Hunter's Island before making his home at Bordentown, N. J.

On the southeast side of Hunter's Island are the great Indian rock "Mishow," around which the native held their religious rites, and the graves of two sachems, Many arrows and Javelins of Flint, quarts and horn, and hatchets and tomahawks, stone have been found there. The Indians called the entire region "Mishawachking," (the place of stringing beads).

The fort at the Battery was first known, from 1624 to 1626, as "Mantua." From 1626 to 1628 as "Amsterdam;" from 1628 to 1673 as "James;" from 1673 to 1674 as "William Hendrick;" from 1674 to 1689 as "Charles;" from 1689 to 1691 as "William;" from 1691 to 1702 as "William Henry;" from 1702 to 1714 as "Anne;" and from 1714 to 1783 as "George," changing in use after 1644 in honor of successive English sovereigns.

About the year 1788 it was resolved to remove the entire fort (George) to the Battery Park, New York City, and to erect there a house for the President of the United States.

## From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

## Wounded Soldiers' Fund.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It is almost impossible to express in words the appreciation shown by the boys for whom you made such efforts. It was well worth all the worry and trouble you and your associates, including of course "Lillian Bell" were put to, and I am sure your Christmas must have been one of unalloyed joy in seeing what was accomplished.

WALTER T. PILGRIM,  
Superintendent Clinic for Functional Re-Education of Disabled Soldiers, Sailors and Civilians.  
New York, Dec. 27, 1920.

## Evenings at Home.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to "C. T. B's" letter will say I thoroughly agree with him that the girls and fellows who prefer to spend an evening at home hardly ever become acquainted.

I also am a resident of Elmhurst, having been obliged to live away from home for the past seven months. I am considered quite attractive, like to attend the theatre or a nice dance once in a while, but I am sorry to say I have met very few fellows who care to spend an evening at home once in a while.

Therefore I was quite surprised to read "C. T. B's" letter, but equally pleased.  
DUPIN.  
Elmhurst, L. I., Dec. 27, 1920.

## Offers Services to Settlement House.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am a young lady of twenty-two, and would indeed appreciate to hear through your medium from some charitable organization or settlement house which is looking for voluntary services several evenings each week.

FANNIE EISEN,  
No. 1557 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1920.

## "Couch Outlets."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am replying to "C. T. B's" letter, which recently appeared in your paper. Please publish this letter and thereby ease his conscience that "ticket buyers" are not in a class by themselves.

"C. T. B." says he likes to dance and enjoys a show occasionally, but doesn't relish having advantage taken of what he chooses to call his "liberality." Too bad! He should become acquainted with one of my boy friends—the only one in captivity who can sit from 8 until 12 and not move an inch—a real regular "couch outlet." I am thinking of giving him a lovely soft cushion for his person. I would be glad to furnish his address, as he has a list of girls of the sort that "C. T. B." apparently desires.  
RUTH B.  
Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 27.

## Tammany to Blame.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Why remove Hyman, or Swann or Enright, I ask? I hold no brief for them; but I was born and reared in this city, and I know a few things about the powers that be—and prey. The truth is these poor tools do what they are told to do by the "higher-

ups." These higher-ups divide the loot and the spoils and are immune from the laws, because their puppets quake the laws, and their manikins on the bench execute the laws.

He who runs can read. The voters are to blame for conditions like this city. Our newspapers are also to blame. They see the effect, but never remedy the cause—the corrupt system of the late Murphy-Hearst-Tammany circle—which will not tolerate an honest, free, independent official. Things are now under Murphy, Hearst and Hyman like things were under Croker, Van Wyck and Foley. Not a whit better or worse.

Suppose Enright is removed, why then the Murphy-Hearst-Hyman gang will put in another Enright to fill the sack, and the system will go on as before. A little flurry now and then affords no relief. There is no hope until the rotten system of Tammany government is destroyed—root and branch—and this cannot be done until our newspapers turn over a new leaf and begin at the source.

EDWIN E. CLARKE.  
New York, Dec. 28, 1920.

## Irish Patriotism to the War.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Hattie Bruce needs to revise her facts and figures before rushing into print. She forgets that the official statistics of the British Government show that 147,000 Irish volunteered for the war. Inasmuch as the full man-power of Ireland is estimated at 460,000, this percentage of volunteer enlistments is greater than that of England. The wonder is that the British Government, after centuries of the most odious oppression of the Irish people got as much as a corporal's guard to save her from obliteration as a world power.

Mrs. Bruce also forgets the salvation of democracy the man-power of Ireland, so that when the time came to fulfill promises which they have so shamelessly broken from the Irish people, they found they had no sturdy opposition to the pogrom of atrocity and their crimes against civilization and humanity with which they are heaping upon Ireland. They have suited them best to have the young men of Ireland buried in France or Gallipoli, so that the opposition to her cowardly misrule in Ireland would be confined to the old and the decrepit. In the light of the crimes in Ireland what a holiday of brutality and bestiality she would have enjoyed under existing conditions!

Of course, the British had the ulterior purpose of removing under pretence of patriotism and the salvation of democracy the man-power of Ireland, so that when the time came to fulfill promises which they have so shamelessly broken from the Irish people, they found they had no sturdy opposition to the pogrom of atrocity and their crimes against civilization and humanity with which they are heaping upon Ireland. They have suited them best to have the young men of Ireland buried in France or Gallipoli, so that the opposition to her cowardly misrule in Ireland would be confined to the old and the decrepit. In the light of the crimes in Ireland what a holiday of brutality and bestiality she would have enjoyed under existing conditions!

I would suggest to Mrs. Bruce and other pro-Britishers that they find a little time to protest against the outrages on Irish womanhood; on the burnings of the homes and business properties of Irish women and children; on the efforts to starve Irish babies by the wanton destruction of creameries and all the other atrocities that cry to heaven in their naked shame. That it seems to me, would be one way for a woman with a heart to show sympathy for her stricken and persecuted sisters across the water. Certainly, it would be more humane and American than retelling the evident falsehoods of British propagandists.  
R. J. DONLEAVY,  
Freeport, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1920.

## UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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## WHAT YOU LEARN FROM A PUMPKIN.

Study one of the great, swollen prize pumpkins you see at a fair. It is the size of perhaps fifty ordinary pumpkins. It is not beautiful, but it has in it enough food to feed perhaps a hundred people, and feeding animals is the purpose and destiny of every pumpkin that is brought into the world by the mother vine.

The great, bulging specimen that so proudly overshadows unsuccessful competitors looks like some giant freak of nature, which just grew and grew without any particular reason. But it isn't anything of the kind.

As soon as that pumpkin proved by its size that it was the lushest member of the particular family to which it belonged it was picked out for greatness, as the queen bee is selected for royalty in the hive.

All competition from lesser pumpkins was instantly removed by the careful farmer by the very simple operation of plucking them from the stem. About the roots of the vine the richest fertilizer was distributed, and every day the soil was dug up so as to keep it light and aerated.

And as the pumpkin, with a monopoly of all the plant food in the soil and with the leaves in its vicinity removed so that it might have plenty of sunlight, began to grow it was watched and tended and fed and petted every day.

It was the right kind of a pumpkin in the beginning, with a good ancestry behind it, so it became a prize winner and the wonder and admiration of gaping crowds.

But—and here is the important part of this article—even if it had been just a common pumpkin as to family and traditions it would, with such care, have far outstripped pumpkins of better families which were just allowed to grow up.

If you are young and ambitious, try the pumpkin method of culture in your profession. Get rid of foolishness and vice and all the things that interfere with the growth of the one idea that dominates your life.

Give your business all the mental food it can assimilate, all the sunlight it needs to thrive. Think about it more than you think about anything else. Never spare either the time or the energy it ought to have for its full development.

And though you may not have inherited great ability, you will find that inside of a few years the cultivation you have been giving your business will count. You may not be a prize winner, not a delight to gaping crowds, but you will be far ahead of many men and women who started with far better advantages, and surely that is worth a little extra care at the start.

## Words From the Wise

Honest labor bears a lovely face.—Dekker.

Books are delightful when prosperity smiles; when adversity threatens, they are inseparable comforters.—Richard de Bury.

Reason is the life of the law.—Heywood.

Young men think old men are fools, but old men know young men are fools.—Chapman.